

CLASS 1911









INTRODUCTION

I have been requested by the student committee to write the introduction to our first Annual issued by the class of 1911.

I respond with pleasure and with full heart congratulate this class upon the interesting content as well as the dignity and good taste displayed in its production, and the skill with which the Class in Printing have done their work.

I have watched with keen interest the energy and loyalty displayed in preparing this book. I appreciate the broad minded effort to make it truly representative of our larger interests as well as a class monument. I feel that in both aims they have been successful and I trust in its way this annual, issued by a class that has had a continuous existence of four years in the Gary High School, may be a means of drawing closer the ties between school and patrons and a better understanding of the school, its aims and many-sided activities.

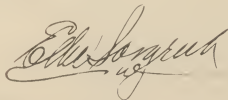
The people have no other college than the High School. In no other way, save in the Public High School can those of moderate means give to their children a needed education to enable them to stand on an equal footing with their fellows. THERE MUST BE NO EDUCATIONAL ARISTOCRACY IN A REAL DEMOCRACY. Therefore the High School stands as the privileged public thoroughfare along which rich and poor, high and low, may pass to the goal of self respect, power, contentment and success.

I believe the class are building larger than they know. I believe that even now while the Gary High School is still in its infancy it is exerting a wide spread influence for upright, healthy, vigorous manhood and womanhood. I feel assured that when our aims and ideals and the good things we do (and not merely the things open to criticism) are more widely known and a greater public interest is aroused, our progress will be greater and the schools efficiency be increased fourfold. The future City of Gary will draw its life blood from the present Schools.

May this book, the first of its kind from our school, receive a most cordial welcome and stimulate and foster a wealth of good will toward this Class and School.

Faithfully, your principal,

PRINCIPAL'S OFFICE, EMERSON SCHOOL.
MAY, 1911.



TO
PRINCIPAL EDWARD SARGENT
THE INSPIRER OF THE FIRST HIGH SCHOOL ANNUAL
THIS BOOK
IS GRATEFULLY DEDICATED
BY THE
CLASS OF 1911



MR. EDW. SARGENT
PRINCIPAL OF THE HIGH SCHOOL

BOARD OF EDITORS



HAROLD F. STRATTON,
Editor-in-Chief



Upper left—BLANCHE JILLSON
Lower left—THOS. BIRCHARDE KENVIN
Upper right RALPH PAYNE SMITH
Lower right INEZ TOWNSLEY

HISTORY OF CLASS '11

Gentle reader you do not grasp the magnitude of the task before me. The Class of '11 is some class. Do you realize that their average weight is 2540 pounds, which is more than a ton. Is this not a ponderous mass? We number twenty with intellect above the average; if our understandings were placed lengthwise they would cover a distance of almost .5 of a mile. But this is not all; were we to place ourselves one upon the other we would tower aloft to the dizzy eminence of 180 feet; making the school's flag pole ashamed of its scanty height.

Not in height, weight and understanding are we alone famous for we shine with the brilliancy of diamonds in the department of athletics, especially basket ball. No wonder for we have Straton and Kenvin on our five among the boys and Blanche Jillson captain of the girls' team. Have you never seen our mighty Harold roll his opponent in the dust, incidentally grinding in his ribs, dislocating his jaw, and with Chesterfieldian politeness assist him to arise with the remark, "My dear fellow, I trust I did not hurt you." It does one good to see Kenvin with a graceful hop, skip, and a jump, toss the ball, while the audience with straining eye and bating breath, watch it leave his hands, describe a circle in the air and just miss the basket.

We must not forget the wits of our class, and chief among these is the studious, (when excentric little Bertha will let him alone) ponderous Jessie Blake. I never laughed so much in my life as when I heard his cutting remark to Kenvin Kenvin was, as we say, up to the neck in a Chemistry experiment and asked one of the boys to give him a knife. Our Jesse drolly replied, "what you going to do with it Ken, cut out smoking."

Grace our infant phenomenon has troubles of her own. The more she tries to study the more she is disturbed by Dena, who comes rushing into the room scattering Grace's books everywhere. It is like the outburst of a geyser. Words follow so rapidly they almost choke her utterance but in a moment she has subsided and calm again reigns.

As I look around the class as it is today I can hardly realize that four years ago we were only represented by two of our present number, Eunice and Frank.

In the Freshmen year our class met in Mr. Wirt's offices in the Phillips' building. Even the private office had to be used as a class room. Of course complications arose. The teacher had to try and over-come the voices of the agents which came to see Mr. Wirt to sell their articles. We had no chance to loiter in the cloak room as the one we had was a single hat rack.

Although there were only two Freshmen they made up for the rest of us. They received physical attention because they loved to play tricks on the teacher; such as turning up the clock to make her think she was late.

The only athletics which were entered into that year was the track meet which took place at Crown Point in May. Frank entered some of the races and brought home great honors for our class. At this first meet Hyman hung up the record in the pole vault which Gary has clung to ever since and from that point started the loyalty to Gary High School which has increased from time to time.

The next year we started in at the Jefferson building. It seemed to be the most wonderful school building after going to school in an office room. This year we had the pleasure of meeting Mr Sargent our present principal.

Our class had grown to the number of nine, the greater part of which were boys. The whole class had a hunger for science. The science of the sophomore year was Zoology. We were so interested in the study, that we did everything we could to gather together specimens for the work. We even went so far as to pour some old beer on a post to draw the insects.

HISTORY OF CLASS '11—CONTINUED

Foot ball started that year and the papers found out our existence. Referring back to the paper of Oct. 17, 1908, we find this editorial from the Tribune: "The football team of the Gary High School has shown its patriotism in its war cry. When the Rah-Rah boys and girls of the Gary High School indulge in their school yell this afternoon at East Chicago for the first time it will sound mighty nice. The yell runs like this: '1-2-3-4, 2-4-3-4 Who are we for? -Gary!'"

That war cry ought to be the motto of all residents of Gary. That is the kind of public spirit needed to build a great city and school here." We were proud of it and I think the school yell has been lived up to by this class.

After the football season was over the girls gave the football boys a large banquet. The feast was splendid as far as it went, but when the time came for the ice-cream to our dismay it had disappeared. We do not wish to recall unpleasant memories, but three of the present Junior students did not show up the next day. We have always wondered why?

After football came basket ball. We had no court as the school was without a gymnasium but where there is a will there is a way and so we made one in the auditorium. Many good games were played and enough victories to satisfy us.

Our third year brought us over to the Emerson School. Our class was still increasing in number and we were now fourteen.

The Emerson building had been our hope—to just get a chance there. It had such fine gymnasiums that athletics were taken up with much spirit. Football received special interest. We won nearly all of our games. Five or six of the eleven were Juniors.

Basket ball took its place with both a girl's and boy's team. Just think, the girls had a gymnasium all to themselves and a chance to swim in the pool. The captains of both the teams were Juniors.

The great event of the season, however, was the Northern Indiana Track Meet which took place at South Bend in May. We took a car load down with us and had a fine time watching the other schools win points. However, we won the pole vault. The Juniors held a prominent place on the Gary team and in the evening, our worthy president took third place in the Oratorical Contest. That made us feel fine.

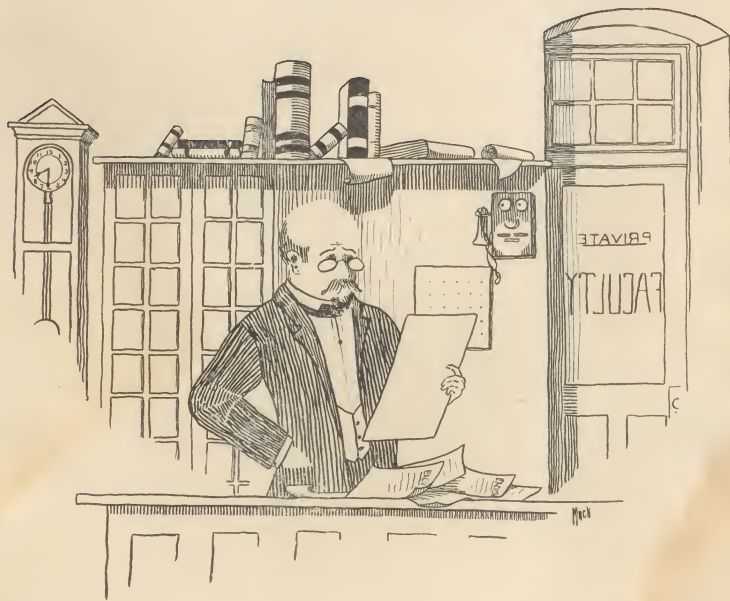
The Junior Banquet in honor of the Seniors was a great success. Covers were set for forty-five in the sewing room. Speeches were made by members of both classes and the faculty and my! when Mr. Herrick whistled! We knew he could write, but we also found out he could whistle.

At last we reached our Senior year, and as Mr. Sargent said at the banquet, "Came into our own." We have tried to set a pace that would do us credit and make our successors, "sit up and take notice." we have never abused the privilege of walking in our own fashion in the halls. We never have been noisy in the clock rooms or classrooms.

Basket Ball was the only form of athletics entered into this year. The boys and girls both had a team. The fates were against the boys the first part of the year but later their luck turned and they made good. The girls suffered one defeat out of four games.

We can scarcely realize that our twelve years of public school life is over. A glimpse at our baby pictures and then at the staid and dignified present group of Seniors shows a great growth that makes us both proud and sad. We might wish to be again children with their happy innocent smiles, just irresponsibly joyous—but the future beckons us on and if it is true that past success is the earnest of future possibilities the historian of this class taking up the work where I have left it will, yea, must chronicle again the story of the success of the Class of 1911.







RUBETTA W. BIGGS
English.



A. SAMUEL WALLGREN
English.



ORTHENA E. MEYER
Lat. n.



W. B. CARR,
Instructor in Printing.



C. H. MESSICK,
Instructor in Painting.



S. S. COWAN,
Instructor in Cabinet Making.



G. E. WULFING.
Head of Department of Manual Training.



E. A. SCAULDING,
Mathematics.



S. G. ENGLE,
Head of Science Department



BESS M. VROOMAN,
History.



E. R. WILLIAMS,
Physics.



GERTRUDE B. OGG,
Mathematics.



BERTHA CHILD,
German.



ANNA REESE,
Botany.



IDA A. LULL,
Drawing.



MELVINE E. SNYDER,
Head of Department of Music.



MARY E. RAGAN,
Drawing.



EDWARD A. KRUEGER,
Woodworking.



PEARL. SALTER,
Domestic Arts.



JOHN A. WHITE,
Commercial.



HELEN MONSCH,
Domestic Science.



MABEL S. BETTS,
Physical Training.



ROSS D. NETHERTON,
Physical Training.



GENEVIEVE MONSCH,
Zoology.

CLASS POEM

We stand in a hallway, dark with night,
Before, Ambition's day glows bright;
Behind, the lamp of Memory gleams,
Flashing to us on radiant beams
From friends, from teachers, from principal
The hopeful message; "Invincible
Art thou in life."

From the darkness then,
The voice of the Doubter: "But What, or When,
How, Where and Why?" Need we ask "When?"
"Tis now, today, not distant "then,"
Far in the Future. The Present holds
That force, that strength that surely moulds
Our coming lives. So, now we need
And find, that "What." A noble deed
A great success, a conquered fear,
A followed hope, a grand career,
An overwhelming of the wrong,
Uplifting right that's struggled long,
Causing the weak to pause and say:
"God bless the strength that's used that way."

But "How?" For twelve short, joy-filled years
We've studied on, o'er coming fears
Doing our work with main and might,
Trying our hardest to help the right,
We shall go through life, as we've gone through school
Controlling our lives by the Christian rule
As He to us, to others show
The kindness that makes our own hearts glow
This rule enforce where'er by Fate

Our fortunes fix'd, we patient wait
The slow, approaching gladsome day
When earned success has come our way
As come it will. What else could hap
To classmates reared in Emerson's lap?
And that is "Where."

Our school has taught

By many historical battles fought,
By English essays studied long,
By Latin phrases, throng on throng.
To work, to play, to live, to love,
And so, as God from Heaven above
Watches the race, we will repay
To our Alma Mater, each happy day
We've spent with her. And that is "Why"
The night is chased away by light;
We look out now, with clearer sight
To life which stretches far before,
Out thru the school-room's open door
Work we shall, with a mighty will:
Some others' days with blessings fill,
Until, throughout our glad, free land,
People shall point with honoring hand
To the High School pin, with eleven there
Plain on the H. A glorious pair
Success, and G. H. S. When life is done,
The battle o'er, the course full run,
With peaceful hearts, will say with Paul:
"We have kept the faith-God's will be all."

April 10, 1911.

Z. C. H.

ADDRESS

FELLOW MEMBERS OF THE CLASS OF 1911:

For two years you have elected me your President, and no matter what position I may hold in future years I cannot be more highly honored. It now becomes my sad duty to speak a final word to you. We have arrived at a very important crisis in our lives. We are able to look back in review of our years in school, enjoy the memories of sweet associations and pleasant duties and to look forward into the future which seems so favorable and inviting now.

Before we enter upon life's conflict, every one for himself, before the grand, yet stern old teacher Experience begins her term of instruction, I would leave with you this thought, the necessity of the conservation of energy, which is the problem of the day. America is said to be exceedingly wasteful of her resources; and why is it? Simply because we, as a nation, do not look forward into the future and consider how we are to sustain ourselves, when our resources have reached their limit. The great forests of wood and lumber are rapidly disappearing, the mountains are being denuded and the water supply is fast failing in the great rivers, because the waterfall now rushes precipitately from the naked hills and is soon lost in the sea.

There is a great struggle now going on in favor of forest reservation and if the people can have their way against unscrupulous corporations this fair land, blessed with all the riches of nature which are favorable to a happy existence, may recover what she has lost and increase her resources for the millions who are yet to come.

Our resources as individuals, have not yet been dissipated by wasteful habits, by an extravagance of energy upon unworthy objects, by indulgence of passions and appetites; our training under teachers, who have to a great extent attained their splendid ideals will surely hold us true to our best interests.

"England expects every man to do his duty," said Admiral Nelson, as he led his ships against the enemy. Our Alma Mater, pronounces her blessing upon us as she sends us forth to higher institutions of learning, or out into the world to make our way among our fellow men. She has a right to expect every one of us to do his duty.

The story is told of Abraham Lincoln that on one occasion a delegation called on him and at the end of the conference one of the delegates said, "I hope, Mr. Lincoln, that God is on our side," to which, Mr. Lincoln replied, "that does not concern me." The startled delegate responded, "What! it does not concern you to have God on our side?" "No," replied Mr. Lincoln; "what concerns me, is that we shall be on God's side."

Today we are on the side of learning, of refined morals, of a splendid civilization of high ideals, on the side of God we trust and believe, and when the declining years of life shall come, shall we not have the pleasure of looking upon a splendid memorial which we have erected to the cause which we today represent.

RALPH PAYNE SMITH,
President Class of 1911.



WILLIAM. A. WIRT,
Superintendent of Schools.



ARTHUR P. MELTON,
President Board of Education.



WILLIAM A. CAIN,
Treasurer.



THOMAS H. CUTLER,
Secretary.

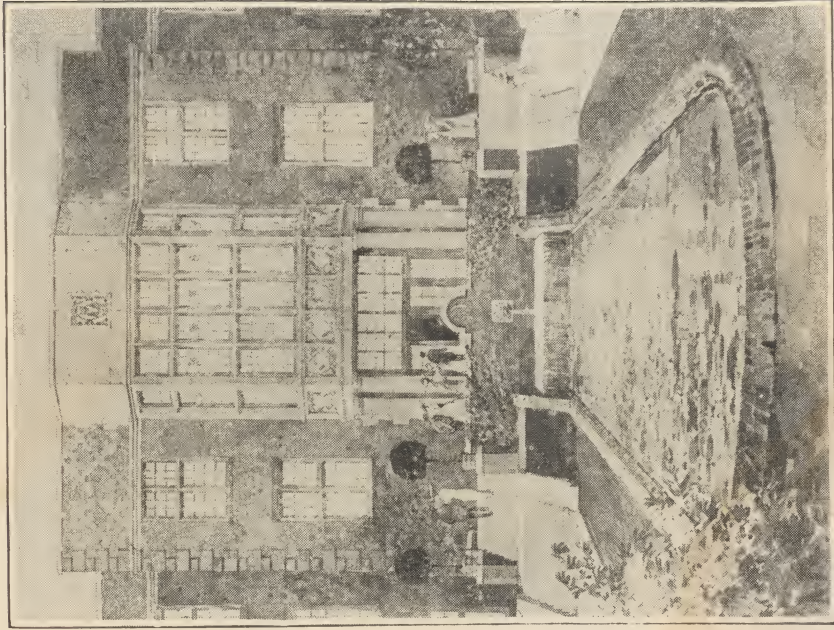


FIRST BUILDINGS, 1906

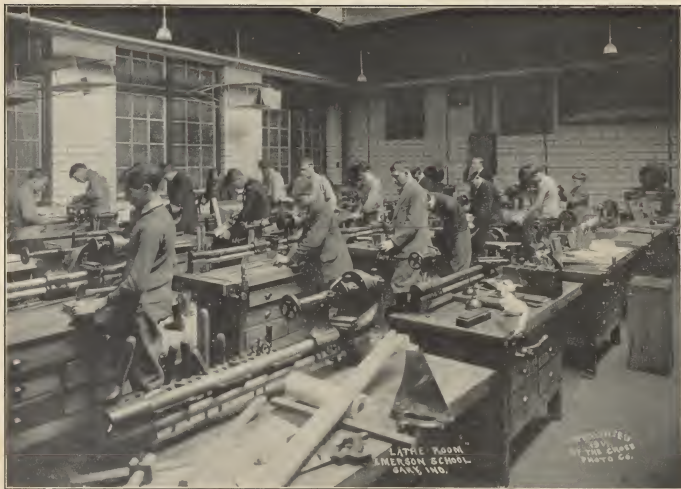


14TH STREET PORTABLE SCHOOL BUILDINGS





THE NEW FROEBEL SCHOOL 14TH AND MADISON STREETS.



LATHE ROOM
EMERSON SCHOOL
BOSTON, MASS.

REPRODUCED
BY THE GPO
PHOTO CO.

THE LATHE ROOM

MANUAL TRAINING IN THE GARY SCHOOLS

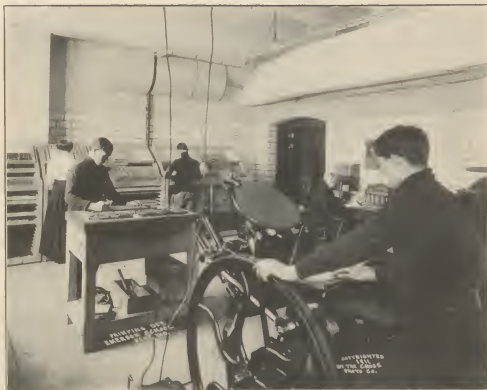
Manual Training is any school occupation, the purpose of which is the development of manual skill, or dexterity. Secondary aims should be, mental power through intelligent manual doing; application of ideas obtained through various sources; an appreciation of art and good workmanship; a respect for manual labor; and the development of character that results in conscientious effort to do one's best.

On the above basis our manual training in Gary is organized. The work begins with the kindergarten where the ordinary kindergarten occupations are carried out. We are continuing the work begun in the kindergarten through the child's whole school life. As the child grows and his skill of hand is developed he is given new materials, new problems, and new and more complex tools with which to work. In the primary grades the child's great problem is to master his own hand and fingers independent of any tools. The struggle for mastery of the hand continues throughout the school work and should continue through life.

The human hand, guided by human intelligence is a marvelous piece of mechanism. This remarkable machine, the intelligent hand, coupled with man's propensity to use tools, is the chief characteristic of humanity. What could we do without hands! Or, what a handicap, if our hands were continually in use to help support the weight of our bodies as is the case with the lower animals. Or, given the hands as we have them and no tools whatever, what could we accomplish? Man is a tool using animal. With tools he is the whole thing; without tools, he is nothing. With tools he can discover the microbes that may infest the air we breathe or the food we eat, or he can explore distant worlds. He can weigh a mark upon a piece of paper or he can lift massive weights and carry them where he will. He can travel quickly by water, land or air. With tools and intelligence he can do everything; without tools he can do nothing.

The fact that man is a tool using animal, and that intelligence and a skilled hand are the chief characteristics of humanity is the basis upon which a course of school work should be based. A school course which neglects any one phase of a child's development is faulty. His intelligence must be developed; his hands must be trained in skillful doing; his moral growth must be looked after; and his physical growth and health must receive proper attention.

We must not overlook the fact that any school work which tends to develop either the moral or physical in the child can not help but react



WHERE THIS ANNUAL WAS PRINTED

on his intelligence for growth in mental power and intensified knowledge, while a pupil can give all his time to book study and the acquisition of knowledge and with it derive no profit whatever for his physical or moral self. In fact it is more apt to result in a decided disadvantage to his physical growth, and may react to the detriment of his morals. We can, therefore, apply the patent medicine reason for manual training—it is bound to do some good, and it is hardly possible for it to result in anything harmful.

There are other reasons why we should have manual training work in school. The fact that 95 per cent of our population make their living through the use of the hands is good reason for giving a fair portion of the school time to the training of these organs for their future work.

With the industrial work in school we also hope to lead pupils to see that after school days are over and they are up against the proposition of bread and butter that the work of the 95 per cent who live by skill of

hand and exercise of muscle are not in any sense engaged in an undignified calling. They must grow to see that the work is important, requires intelligence, is dignified if well done; and that with it they will have a life of health, happiness and contentment which too often the other 5 per cent do not have. We must grow into the habit of finding our pleasure in our work.

In the lower grades of school the work consists mostly of simple problems worked in clay, paper, card board and weaving material. Beginning with the fifth grade the boys' manual training time is given to wood work in the shop until his ninth year when his time is given mostly to metal work during the next year.

Through these grades the amount of time given amounts to forty five minutes per day for every day he is in school. In the shop the boys are supposed to gain a fair knowledge of wood working tools and to acquire a reasonable amount of skill in their use. During the tenth year he will gain some knowledge of tools and material in metal work. This work brings the average boy to the age of sixteen. He is now old enough to begin thinking of the work he is to take up when his school days are over. Up to this time his manual work has been very general. The average boy has had nothing definite in view. In the twelfth year if he takes up manual work, it must be with something definite in view. He must begin an apprenticeship for some trade and apply himself diligently to that end. The present year we have given opportunities in printing, cabinet work and painting. There have been twenty pupils in each, the printing and cabinet making departments while ten have received instruction in painting. As soon as the demand warrants it, other special lines of work will be offered, such as, plumbing, wiring, masonry, machine fitting, etc.

A most interesting feature of our manual training work during this year has been the organization of the boys of the cabinet making department into a business corporation, an account of which follows, written by Edward Olson, a member of the class.

G. E. W.

HIGH SCHOOL FACTORY

BY EDWARD OLSON

On February 18, the cabinet-making class met and organized as a company. This organization was effected for the purpose of teaching boys at an age when they learn quickly the manner in which a business is started and conducted. Many young men leave school with little or no business training and probably enter into mercantile pursuits knowing

little of the fundamental principles of business; but given this opportunity of learning how a business is managed success will be more easily obtained. Some will enter mills or factories and knowing the way in which a factory is run will be better prepared for advancement from the bottom of the ladder to the top, and so help bring about the fusion of capital and labor. Others will seek the bar or political honors and their knowledge of parliamentary law will aid them in their work.

Those present at the meeting of the cabinet making class subscribed for 54 per cent of the stock. The officers and directors elected were: Edward Olson, Pres., Walter Behn, Sec., Charles Borton, Treas., Amos Thatcher, Cecil Allen, Richard Much, and Weyman Alger. Articles of Incorporation and By-Laws were drawn up and adopted. It was decided that the 6 per cent of the treasury stock should be sold at fifty cents a share, par value ten dollars. Amos Thatcher and Richard Much have the exclusive sale of the stocks and report that the stocks are being sold so fast that the price will advance to two or three dollars. The treasurer, Cecil Allen, reports that the financial condition of the company is very favorable. The sales department, consisting of Eugene Knotts and S. Moe, have a large number of orders on hand that are to be filled after school hours by the boys who are paid twenty cents an hour in cash. The profits of these jobs go into the treasury to pay dividends on the stock.

In this department an entirely new idea is being carried out in teaching cabinet-making. The boy has a voice in the management of the company by being a stock holder, director or officer of the company; he learns cabinet-making under the supervision of an expert cabinet-maker; he gains a knowledge of factory management and bookkeeping, for this company is run in the same manner as any other factory is conducted; he practices parliamentary law in the stockholders meetings. The directors' meetings are held every Friday and are conducted in a strictly parliamentary procedure; business and factory affairs are discussed and acted upon.

A painting department has been created in charge of Mr. Messick and Weyman Alger was elected superintendent.

A statement of the Gary High School Factory for March issued by the bookkeeping department showed that the cabinet making class of the school is more than paying its way by a margin of twenty-five dollars for the month.

It is our highest ambition to establish a system in this school that will be used as an example to other schools for the training of boys so that when they reach manhood they will make men that will be worth something to themselves and to society. This company has been incorporated for a term of ten years and we earnestly hope it will continue for twenty years.



GARY HIGH SCHOOL FACTORY



DRAWING ROOM

THE BOAT RACE

BY Z. GRACE FISHER 11

Called Aeneas to the people,
On that morning bright and shining
On the ninth day from the death-date
Of Anchises brave and warlike.
"Hail, ye people! First to struggle
For the honors given to victors
Are the Trojan ships, already
Rescued from much real disaster."

Then the galleys took their places
Took their fate-allotted places,
Brave Mnestheus in the Pristis,
Source of all the race of Memmius,
All the Memmian race of Romans.
Gyas drove the great Chimæra
Massive as a floating city
With its triple rows of oarsman.

In the Centaur sailed Sergistus,
Propagator of the Sergians,
And Cloanthus drove the Scylla,
Drove the dark, the sea blue Scylla.
As a goal a rock is chosen,
Far out from the sandy main-land.
Lashed by waves when wind is blowing,
Sought by birds when sun is shining.

Now the oarsmen take their places,
Crowns of leaves around their temples,
Shoulders bare, and bare arms gleaming
With the oil they've poured upon them.
To the oars their arms are stretching!
Forward now their heads are bending!
For the signal, ears are listening!
With excitement hearts are beating.

Then the signal giving trumpet
Gives the sound all are awaiting:
From their places slip the galleys,
Gliding o'er the deep-green waters,
Foams the sea behind their passage:
Roars the crowd along the shore line:
Pull the oarsmen at their stations
For the glory of their crewsman.

All in line they skim the waters:
All together they are striving,
Then, amid the crowds great clamor,

Slowly, surely, Gyas forges
Straight ahead the other vessels,
Past his striving Trojan rivals
Then the Pristis follows after,
Then the Centaur, then the Scylla.

They approach the foaming rock-goal:
"Not so far to sea, Menoetes!
Go in nearer to the island,
Lose no time by foolish caution!"
Thus does Gyas urge his pilot
But Menoetes never heeding,
Fearing hidden rocks beneath him
Turns the ship away from landward.

"Seek, oh seek the rocks, Menoetes!
Hug the shores: The sea to others
Must be left if we be victors."
But Menoetes all too cautious
Seeks the open sea to leeward,
While brave Gyas looking backward,
Sees Cloanthus gaining on them,
Sees the Scylla close behind them

In between the ships of Gyas
And the rocks, swift rows the Scylla:
Gyas then, no longer thinking
Of his own, or comrades' safety,
Pitches Menoetes, the slothful,
Overboard into the waters:
On the rocks he so much dreaded,
Feared more than he cared for honor.

Now the Pristis and the Centaur
Seem to surely be o'er taking
Close behind the leading Scylla.
Then Mnestheus, to his sailors:
"Save us from disgrace so shameful
As to end the last in order,
When we led in the beginning.

Then the Centaur speeding onward
Seeks to round the rock-bound turning
Without loss of time or headway:
Close into the shore Sergistus
Guides the boat. There is a quiver
Then a crash as on the rock-bed

Strikes the Centaur—then sinks downward.
Sinks—and with her takes her sailors

Now Mnestheus urges gladly
That his men must bend their efforts
To their oars, to beach the Scylla
Pilotless, now so retarded.
From its home, swift seeks the heavens,
So the Pristis cuts the waters,
Swift, but without sound of motion.

Now they passed the wreck-ed Centaur,
And they leave behind the Scylla:
Now they strive to reach the leader
Gyas, in the great Chimæra,
Now along the shore the people
Clamor loud to show their favor,
Echoes rising in the forest
Loud resound among the mountains.

But their human strength is useless,
And Cloanthus looking seaward
Cries unto Poseidon, listening
With his hands of nymphs and maidens:
"Oh, thou seagods, urge my ship on,
And to thee there shall be offered
Gleaming white upon the seashore,
Sleek and fat a snow-white bullock."

On the rocks the Centaur struggles;
The Chimæra has no helmsman;
But the Scylla, god-directed,
Seeks the Pristis, speeding onward
To their oars the men are bending:
Eagerly their strengths they summon;
On and on they pull their galleys,
Keel to keel they struggle onward.

Faces blanch the end is nearing:
Muscles strain the palm approaches:
Pilots urge the men are striving:
Oars are bent the crowd is breathless.
Now they near the place of starting,
Now they make their last great effort;
Straight ahead a vessel surges,
And a victor, stands—Cloanthus.



DOMESTIC ARTS

AN INTERVIEW WITH DR. —

BY Z. GRACE FISHER

WHY could not my heart stand still! Here I was at last by some twentieth century miracle, in the library of the great surgeon waiting to hear the story of his marvelous gift. Often had I seen him walking down the street, his grey head bowed, and his eyes bent on the ground with an intentness worthy of a searcher for the hidden spring of life. Many stories were circulated of this man's almost superhuman power, how he had never been baffled by the most skill-defying fracture; how he could look straight through a man, how he had been heard to cry out in his sleep: "Flesh! Flesh! Oh, show me flesh!" Such was the man whom I was to meet that bright, sunny day in early spring, whose story I was to hear to the accompaniment of the songs of birds and the joyous shouts of the children.

As the doctor entered the room, I could not but be struck by his bearing. Though at first sight he was not of unusual appearance, yet when sight was caught of the penetrating gaze of his steel blue eyes, one was held in fascination. Dr. — looked deep into one's very soul, searching out every thought and aim, and seeming to condemn that heinous crime of entering through the teachers' door. For a moment he looked at me, with that strange, inexplicable expression; then in his sad haunted voice he said: "Be seated, I pray you. You wish to hear how I came upon my vocation? That is a long story, and after all, what is gained by relating it? None will believe that strange circumstance which forced me from the gay, light-hearted chemist to this staid surgeon, prematurely old. But stay—I shall tell it.

My early youth was spent in a beautiful little cottage on the outskirts of a country village, across from the town cemetery. This is my earliest, but not my pleasantest recollection! Many a night as I lay in my bed, have I heard the voices whispering through the trees in dreary monotony. "You take this one and I'll take that one." Naturally our proximity brought about familiarity, but in my childish fancy the relation was not pleasant. It seemed a shameless waste of ground to me, to use that level, grassy plain, which would have made such a splendid ball ground, for the accommodation of hundreds and hundreds of somber grave-stones, bearing the date of birth and demise and a consolatory scripture passage. Why could not our dead remain in our minds and hearts as living, instead of a cold mass of clay under a grassy mound. Why not think of life and its joys, instead of death and its uncertain promises. The abhorrence which I possessed for this place, led me, one day, when the village preacher patronizingly asked me what I intended to do when grown up, to answer with all the vehemence of my seven short years, "I'm going to send dead people to some other place than a cemetery."

Since I was much alone, the idea grew of finding some chemical compound that would destroy the whole body entirely, evaporate it, as it were, as the intense heat of an electric furnace evaporates a brick and leaves no trace behind. My purpose remained steadfast until the day when I had graduated from High School (where I had devoted myself to the sciences) and had entered the laboratory of Professor E. as his assistant. Some years later I possessed a home of my own where I was free to continue my search for the marvelous compound which should fulfill my boyish aspirations. Long and earnestly I worked—but long and unsuccessfully. Then one day when my physical and chemical resources were almost exhausted, I obtained a mixture of X and Y which would completely destroy flesh, but which left the bones. Success almost within my reach! In haste I worked. Only a little more was needed and then I saw myself the hero of the age, the man who had settled the age-long controversy of intransigent versus cremation. First I would try the effect of Z in the solution already obtained. Into the test tube I eagerly poured it and then—a flash, a roar, a rumble and silence. I seemed to glide aimlessly through a dark, dark passage from which, at length, soft low tones recalled me.

"Yes," said the voice, "His room was forced open, his test-tube was found broken; the mixture spilled; and he himself, unconscious as he has remained for six hours."

Again I saw in that death silence, a thousand times more horrible than oblivion, which was broken at long intervals by the silvery toned speaker. After a seemingly endless period I began to improve, but my eyes were bandaged, a circumstance which led me to draw mind pictures of the perpetrator, about me. The soft voice which had first summoned me from my chaotic state, belonged to my nurse; she must be small, I reasoned, with blue eyes and soft, sunny hair.

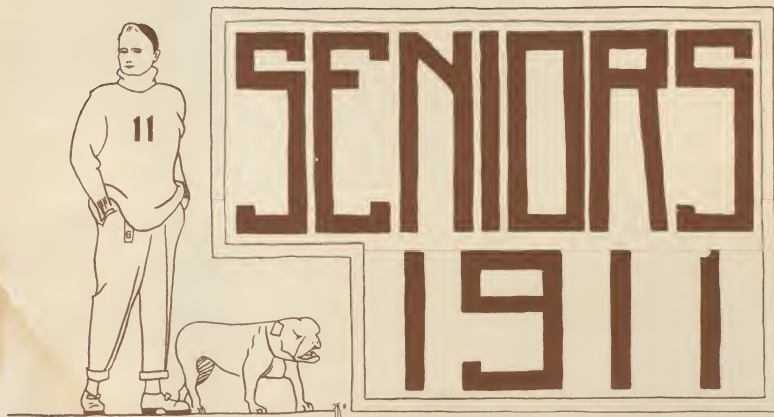
Then came the day on which the cruel (how can I call them that?) bandages were to be removed and again I should behold my fellow-beings. I awoke from sleep, realizing in an instant that my visual imprisonment was at an end, I opened my eyes. Merciful Heavens! What saw I there? Was I alive, or when had I been transported to this land of uncanny beings? The soft, low tones of my Death-Angel tried to sooth me, but whence came they? They came from my bedside where stood, with medicine glass in hand, a HUMAN SKELETON. No mortal can ever experience the terror with which this apparition struck my soul. It was diabolical in its awfulness!

Oh, may you never experience a time in your life so full of dread ghastliness as those first five minutes after I had been recalled from Death to Death-in-Life! Rapidly my bodily health improved, but never my visual strength. The truth had dawned upon me. My flesh-destroying compound in combination with the Z—the mixture on which I had based so many hopes—had, Judas-like, betrayed me, and I was powerless to again behold aught but bones. I was forever barred from the sight of flesh and doomed to a perpetual procession of bones, bones, bones.

Society became irksome to me, as well it might, and for two years I lived in seclusion, a victim of melancholia. At length there came a summons to appear in a neighboring city. As the train sped along its way, and as I looked out at the bygone skeletons whirling past, (for the animal world as well as human kind had become fleshless to my vision) there was a flash, a roar, a rumble and I was literally hurled into the second great step of my career. After I had extricated myself from the confused mass of wreckage, and as I stood astart, trying to keep my eyes from the sight, doubly gruesome to me, I noticed in a group a wounded man, and a surgeon trying to set a fractured bone. How clumsy he was! For a moment I watched, then unable to longer endure the pain the poor man was suffering under the hands of the unskillful doctor, I walked to the group saying "Let me help you."

I saw the fractured bone, I could easily remedy it and with a slight motion set it accurately in place. Realizing that I could be of some service, I rushed from one to another, setting bones with an accuracy and precision that was remarkable. Life took in a new meaning. My bitter, bitter affliction, which had seemed unbearable, becoming a means of usefulness to others, lost its bitterness. Yet, sometimes the longing to see a fellow being clothed in flesh, to catch a flash of intelligence from a man's eyes, to see those I could love overpowers me and I well-nigh despair. Then some kind word, brimming over with thankfulness for something my skill has made whole, gives me heart, and, bending all of my energies to my work I forget that I am different from others and joy in the fact that I am of some real value to my kind. After all is not that the highest joy? Sometimes I think so. Honor, wealth, position, power are mine; I have paid a heavy price for them, but, they are nothing to me! But, when I realize that only through me, thousands are strengthened, and that their gratitude is beyond words, then my feelings border on content."

He ceased speaking, and looked far past me into the beyond. I perceived that I no longer existed to him, and stunned and over-powered by what I had heard, I quietly rose and left him.



CLANG OUT, WILD BELLS

Clang out, wild bells! Clang loud and long!
To Freshmen, Junior, Senior Class;
The Sophs are waiting now to pass,
Clang out, wild bells, and let them throng.

Clang out, wild bells, those five short notes!
The airships! They are flying o'er!
But are they? Look, oh, look once more!
More than an airship, Rumor floats.

Clang out, wild bells, that summons give.
The master in the office wills
That so-and-so shall be more still
In History, if he would live.

Clang out, wild bells, we're waiting long,
To enter the assembly hall:
We're waiting eager, breathless all:
Clang out your doubly doubled dong.

Clang out wild bells, the finish place
To this heart-rending English class;
Let the long-suffering Seniors pass,
On to the French or German race.

Clang out, wild bells, the fans have ceased,
Let all the windows opened be;
Let in a breath of air to me,
Clang out, wild bells, this much at least.

Clang out, wild bells, a ding-dong-ding!
Let "teacher" to the office run,
And let the students have some fun,
Clang out, wild bells, clang anything.

Clang out, wild bells, the noon has come!
The lunch room ticket is not around;
Where 'twas before, it can't be found,
Now, won't that teacher scold you some!

Clang out, wild bells. It matters not,
If naught is meant! Just make a noise;
Give headaches to the girls and boys,
Then call their pains all "tommy-rot."

Clang out wild bells, you're tardy now.
Bring your excuse and don't forget,
You couldn't help it, that's true, but yet,
Do what He says and don't ask how!"

Clang out the Senior! Clang in the Fresh,
Clang out the good; clang in the mean;
Clang out the blue; clang in the green;
Clang Senior from Junior; Clang Sophie from
Fresh!

Senior Class



RALPH PAYNE SMITH

"DEAC"

A southerner by birth and speech. Born in Townsville, North Carolina, August 20, 1893. Very popular among the ladies for his Woman's Suffrage opinions and poetic instincts. President of the class of 1911, would-be track star, an orator, and lyric poet.



Z. GRACE FISHER

Born in Lowell, Indiana, September 26, 1893. Just why, we can't understand, but her stay there was short, and she soon came to Tolleston where she might keep an eye on Gary. We know brains when we see them and recognize her as the imaginative story teller and poet of the class.



FRANK ADLAI KNOTTS

"PEVO"

Born in the fair city of Hammond, Indiana, Nov. 26, 1892. He came to Gary May 4, 1906, and is a pioneer member of the Gary High School. Makes an awful hit with the girls when the automobile is in good working order. Has starred in track, football, and is guilty of several illustrations in this book. Vice-president of the Class of 1911.



HAROLD FITCH STRATTON

Born in the state of chicken farms and cyclones, Wichita, Kansas, January 31, 1889. It was too windy out west so he soon came to more peaceful Indiana, and, after trying several other towns, naturally gravitated to the United Steel Corporation's pet burg. He is a basket ball star and managing editor of this annual.

Senior Class



HAROLD GRANVILLE CROSE

"SPIDER"

Born in Chalmers, Ind., Jan. 29, 1893. There weren't any nickel shows there, so he came to the city of the Great White Way, Gary, the nickelodean center. A great society man and Beau Brummel.



BERTHA PICKERING

First opened her shy blue eyes in Ohio, November 18, 1889. Since she joined the class in February we have recognized her as the modest, timid, and most innocent of us all, we could stand many more such.



CATHERINE ELVIRA DAVIES

Born in Chicago, Illinois, October 20, 1893, is a compound of seriousness and ambition, and a faithful Latin student. That one small head could contain all she knows is truly wonderful.



HARRY LEO KAHN

"HUSKY"

Born in the metropolis of this state where politicians are made, April 3, 1895, he could not help being a politician. He tried it awhile in San Francisco, but the wave of political purity scared him away so he came to Gary. The annals of Boyville are replete with his Machiavellian machination. Husky's all right in his upper story, he took a three year short-cut to his diploma.

Senior Class



EUNICE RHODES

Born in Hobart, Indiana, July 11, 1894. Of course we would not expect her to remain there when so many left for Gary. Vivacious, witty, Gary was the only place for her. Class biographer, printing class. Topics to be avoided in talking with her, "Spring Term," "Credits," "For reference—see Dena."

ONA SHOVER

Born in Indianapolis, Indiana, August 15, 1892. For the last four years has been the belle of Tolleston. Is an enthusiastic commercial student. Spends most of her time adorning her fascinating self for encounters present and future.

COLIN S. MACKENZIE

"MACK"

He increased the population of England at Heaton, Newcastle-on-Tyne, Northumberland, August 9th, 1892. A little island would never do for Mack so he soon came to the States and, after trying several ended in Gary, Indiana.

Almost a basket ball star and a clever illustrator.

THOMAS BIRCHARDE KENVIN

"COUNT"

Made his first disturbance in the Keystone State, McAdoo, Penna., August 31, 1894. Ex-champion lightweight cigarette smoker of the Middle West. Chemist, basket ball star and biographical editor of the annual.

Senior Class



BLANCHE JILLSON

Who, ever since June 11, 1892, has been scoring hits as a star basket ball player, left the town of Newbury, New York, and came to Gary in 1907, where her ambition as captain of the Gary High School Basket Ball team, might be fulfilled the honor being her's for two years. Miss Jillson is also historian of the Class of 1911.



ANNA ASHTON GIBSON

Born in East Tolleston, December 23, 1893, is the only real Garyite and we are proud of it. Reader, remember, that she will choose your literature for you at the library, and if you admire this book remember her dainty fingers set part of the type for this annual.



JESSE WILBUR BLAKE

"HERPICIDE"

Began his career where Napoleon lost out, at Waterloo, (Ind.) on Sept. 16, 1891. His ponderous wit and lack of the dry elastic filaments otherwise known as hair have easily distinguished him as the grandfather of this famous class. He is a foot ball star and noted German savant.



BERTHA M. HOLMES

Though very petite, and Baby of the Class she has caused more or less disturbance, first at Crown Point, Ind., October 8, 1895, later at Lowell, and finally at Gary. She has a sweet smile for all whether meant or not.

Senior Class



JOHN CONRAD PASTRE

"BONEHEAD"

Born in the most progressive city in the world, Philadelphia, Penna., Oct. 1893. Spent several years in Bessemer, Ala., and has not yet recovered from it. He is quite a "grind" and has made his diploma in three years.

AIDAH TAYLOR

Born in Pittsburg, Pennsylvania, November 31, 1892. For two years has been the shining star of our class. She has a smile that would drive the blues from the bluest, and is a wonder in French.



DENA SZOLD

Started to develop the art of speaking in Peoria, Illinois, August 5, 1893, and can converse on any subject. The footlights appeal strongly to her and she has made a success in all work of this kind.

Prophetess for the future of the 1911 class.

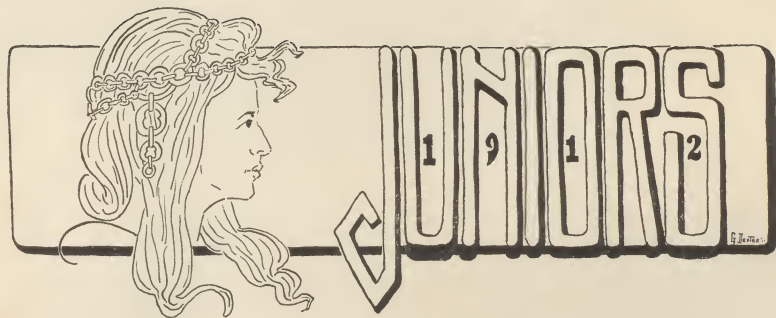
INEZ TOWNSLEY

Born March 15, 1892. Has an ingratiating way that wins the teachers to her point of view. Diligent, persistent, one of our deepest scientists. Specialty- Physics.





COMMERCIAL ROOM





EUGENE THOMAS KNOTTS
President Junior Class.

Was born at Hammond, Indiana, July 5th, 1894, came to Gary May 4, 1906. Gene seems to have found himself in the midst of many perplexing questions and difficulties as President of his class which he has always found very willing to respond to his calls for class meetings. He deserves great credit for having led the Juniors so successfully thus far in their journey toward the height of school life - Seniorism.

Junior Class



NORMA McGRATH, Secretary.
"FROSTY"

Born April 10, 1894, in Hammond, Indiana, and came to Gary in 1909. Is Secretary of the Junior Class and has a soft spot in her heart for the German teacher.



JOHN SATTERFIELD WICKS

Was born at Moline, Ill., Feb. 10, 1894. He is a great admirer of Cicero? It is to be hoped that he will realize his dreams of winning first prizes in great aeroplane flights and of breaking all records of vaulting in the future. Formerly he attended Muskegon High School; entered Gary High in Dec. 1908.



FLORENCE SCHAPER
"MONK"

Was born in Millersburg, Ohio Feb. 26, 1893, and from there she went to Bowling Green, Ohio, but soon tired of living on the green. Thinking she would like a little sand for a change, she came to Gary in 1908. She plays guard on our Gary High School basketball team, although she is some player we will have to send her to Hobart to learn how to grow.

Junior Class



MARY HOLDERMAN
"PETE"

Was born in Urbana, Ind., in 1893. After attending eight different schools in one year finally decided upon Gary H. S. which seems to have the most attraction for her especially in the Geometry room.



LILLY WILBA GALLAGHER
"HENPECK"

Was born January 6, 1895, in Chicago, Ill., the metropolis of the middle west. She entered the Emerson High as a Junior and ever since has taken a great interest in her studies especially Latin. She holds the record of having more tardy blanks than any other pupil in the school.



MARIETTA IONE CARPENTER
"TOT"

Born in Montpelier, Ohio, May 27, 1893. She came to Gary in 1909, and ever since has served as a hair dresser for all the high school girls, especially in the art of making puffs.

Junior Class



SEIGLE HERMAN LEE

Was born at Shelby, Indiana, July 2, 1894, entered G. H. S. in September, 1909, from Lowell H. S. He is a promising lad. Seems to be a great lover of German and has a fluent tongue for this language. Perhaps for this reason he carries the nickname of Dutch.



ESTHER LAMB
"SLIVERS"

"She is tall and stately
As if starched and ironed lately."

Was born in Harvey, Ill., April 3, 1892, and came to Gary October, 1909, and ever since has devoted most of her time to her studies in which she takes a great interest, especially Algebra.



ELIZABETH STEPHENSON.

"BESS"

Was born on February 23, 1893, at Heaton, New Castle-on-Tyne, England, then after traveling the states she finally settled in Gary and entered the Emerson School as a Junior. She is a great printer, having taken printing as one of her school studies. She is also the model dancer of the school.

Junior Class



ELMER HUGH DILLS

Was born at Aurora, Ind., Sep. 5, 1894, came to G. H. S. from Shelbyville H. S. Aug. 2, 1910. (He is a great lover of Latin) Est magnus amor Latin). Let him blow for the whole Junior Class in the Boyville Band.



MARY SLEEZER

Was born in Evert, Michigan, September 25, 1893, and came to Gary June, 1909. She won much fame as an orator and is quite a favorite among the teachers. She is generally seen laden with wraps for Miss Biggs.



GEORGIA CARNDUFF
"LONGFELLOW"

Increased the population of Ætna, Ind., in the cold month of Dec., 1893, but now spends most of her time in Gary. She is an excellent Latin and French scholar and always answers "oui oui" in favor of all our pranks.

Junior Class



CARL TAYLOR SMITH

Was born at Credmore, N. C., Jan. 23, 1895. He sailed safely into the port of Gary to the music of his harp in April, 1908, from Franklin High, with the French dame dancing across the waves not far behind. He is the printers' devil of the Junior Class.



ANNA HOTCHKISS

Born in Homestead, Pa., August 7, 1895, and came to Gary in 1909. She is a good Physics student and delights in explaining a long Geometry proposition to Miss Ogg.



GRACE HOTCHKISS
"PUG"

Was born in Homestead, Pennsylvania, August 31, 1894. Came to Gary February, 1910 and entered school in her sophomore year, has a great liking for printing, delights in parading the corridors, and knows the direct cure for "Paines."

Junior Class



MINNIE CARLSON.
"MIBBS"

Was born March 9, 1893, in the city of Miller, Indiana, at which lively place she has spent this much of her life. Her hair seems to be the ban of her life as it will not stay in its respective place.



ELEANOR STEPHENSON
"SPAGHETTA"

Born in Heaton, Newcastle-on-Tyne, England, January 25, 1892, and after coming to the United States she traveled the country far and near and finally she decided to stay in Tolleston. In September, 1911, she attended the Gary High School and played centre on the basket ball team. She has won the reputation of being the giggler of the school and the best behaved student in the English class.

Junior Class



DOROTHY HARRIS
"DOT"

Was born in Webster, S. Dakota, Aug. 22, 1894. After tiring of the latter place she journeyed to Chicago, where she devoted most of her time to gymnastics. Then she came to Gary in 1909, and has the reputation of being a star basket ball player, and assists Miss Betts in gymnasium work.



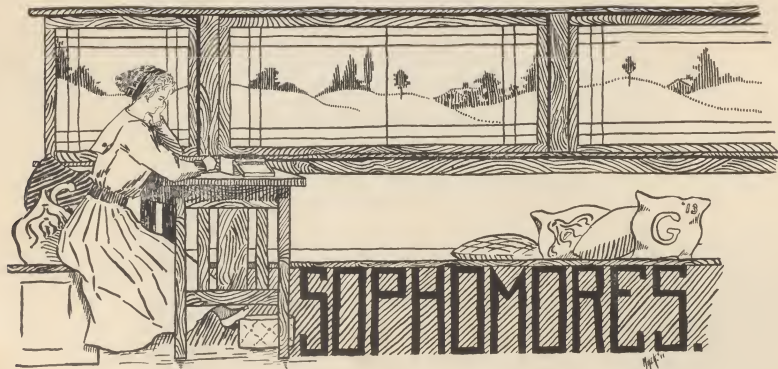
CLARENCE HOWARD KENVIN

Born at Homestead, Pa., August 2d, 1893; entered G. H. S. in Feb. 1911, from Union H. S. By his very frequent absences from the Latin Class it would lead one to believe he heartily hates Cicero, but he promises to rank well among our future orators.



ALBA MILDRED FRAZER
"COUNTESS"

Was born at Albion, Indiana, April 9th, 1893. She came to Gary in 1910, and entered the Emerson High School as a Junior. Much poetry has been dedicated to this "Modern Venus" who is very popular.





A GROUP OF SOPHOMORES



HISTORY OF THE FRESHMEN CLASS

The class has progressed wonderfully, just as all classes should, since its beginning last September. And now it is about to end with a good record. We hope that it may proceed as smoothly through coming years, as it has done the past year of its existence.

At the beginning of the year the class officers were elected. The boys elected their officers and the girls theirs. The following are the officers elected for each division.

BOYS President, Forrest Bowers. Secretary, Thomas Ralph.

GIRLS President, Reba Jameson. Vice-President, Marjorie Hutton. Secretary Helena Harkness.

The class has not had many social affairs during the year, so not much can be said in that direction. But one can always tell of its accomplishments.

The boys as well as the girls have organized a splendid basket ball team, of which, no doubt, they are equally proud. The girls have played against only one team, and that was the team of the eighth grade students. To the surprise of us all the young eights won. But the team was not discouraged at that. It was only a little lesson which they will not forget. And small things like that are sure to strengthen the team.

Ignota Phillips has recently been elected a member of the athletic association for the freshman class of girls, and Earl Hodge for the boys.

The boys took part in an exhibition given on the evening of May 3, 1911, showing their skill in athletic stunts. They gave much pleasure to all who were able to be at the school house on that particular night.

The teams were under the instructions of Miss Betts and Mr. Netherton.

The girls showed their skill in cooking when they served seven luncheons to the different men of Gary, and the "Boy City" council. The class is under the instruction of Miss Helen Monsch, whom we are all sure has spent much time and patience in making the girls what they ought to be Good Housekeepers!

A few words about the manual training class. It has made many useful things under the direction of Mr. Krueger. They showed some of their good work when they presented the cooking class with small rolling pins and potato mashers. These were given as souvenirs to the several gentlemen who were present at the series of luncheons, and no doubt the good work was prized.

The boys and girls have produced some very excellent charcoal drawings under the careful training of Miss Lull. A great many of them have been exhibited, and certainly deserved the space which they filled on that occasion.

The girls took part in a very clever little exercise on May 5, 1911, entitled: "The Folk Dance." All looked their best.

In order to make this sketch complete it must not be forgotten that Forrest Bowers, a freshman, is the Mayor of Boy City.

K. D. H.



FRESHMEN CLASS, 1914



ZOLIN



HODGE



HANCOCK



NETHERTON



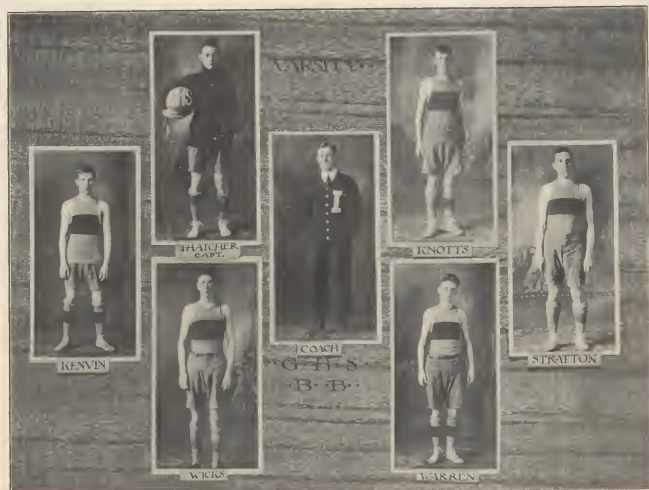
HILDE



BLANCH

FRESHMEN
BASKET BALL





BASKET BALL TEAM



SWIMMING POOL

HISTORY OF GIRLS' ATHLETICS

The past season has been very successful for our girls' basket ball team, as new and good players have entered and better playing has been developed. We have won three games out of four. The line up is as follows:

BLANCHE JILLSON, Forward and Captain.	DOROTHY HARRIS, Guard.
MAY McNEIL, Forward.	FLORENCE SHAFFER, Guard.
BESSIE STEPHENSON, Center.	MARGUERITE STRATTON, Substitute.
ELEANOR STEPHENSON, Center.	BERTHA HOLMES, Substitute.

The first game was with Michigan City and it was a good one, too. We have been keen rivals with them and up to date have always defeated them. It resulted in a score of nine to five in our favor, though the other team was ahead at the end of the first half. The teams were well matched with the exception of the center, who was a few feet taller than our poor little Eleanor.

The next match was with Hobart. That game was not very enjoyable for Gary, as she met with a few difficulties. In the beginning of the game our guard, Dorothy Harris, was hurt. Of course we couldn't play as well without her, and then, too, the Hobart centers were monsters, with arms inconceivably long. The score was forty two to seventeen in Hobart's favor. However, the defeat did us good and the entertainment, which we received afterward robbed the score of its sting.

But Hobart couldn't beat us at home. That game was a close one and Dorothy and Florence played splendidly. At the end of the first half, the score was ten to seven in favor of Hobart. But we came up steadily in the second half until we had them beaten, and the final score was nineteen to eighteen.

The last game was at Michigan City. There was a big write up in the paper, the next day about May McNeil and Blanche Jillson, the stars. The girls had practiced but once in two weeks before the game and they brought up the score from eight to five, in Michigan City's favor, at the end of the first half to eighteen to seventeen in our favor. With one wild yell we claimed the title of the Lake County champions and as we have not been defeated since, we feel rather proud of it.

Much excitement has been aroused by the interclass games, each class having its team. The seventh and eighth grades had quite a few games, which were very interesting, the latter's team proving itself efficient, for they came out ahead in two games with the seventh grade and one with the freshmen. The last game was between the juniors and sophomores, in which the sophomores were wiped off the earth, the score being twenty-five to four.

The gymnasium classes succeeded in producing an excellent entertainment. It consisted of drills, fancy dancing, folk dancing and regular gymnastics by the grades and a folk dance, the Gottland Quadrille by the High School Gymnasium Class. The Matinee Waltz was given very successfully by a few of the High School girls. Altogether the Girls are making the most of their equal privileges in the Gymnasium and we feel the results are worth while.



GIRLS' BASKET BALL TEAM

CLASS PROPHECY

On the morning of April 1, 1923, I was rudely awakened from my slumbers by a shock, which felt much like an earthquake. I arose hurriedly, dressed, and in a short time heard the newboys in the street calling extras. I purchased one at once and saw, to my great astonishment, that the cause of my fright was an explosion at Gary, Indiana. I was still more surprised when on reading farther, I saw that it occurred at the Emerson High School.

Prof. Granville Crose, one of the most eminent chemists of the day, had given a lecture at the Emerson High School the previous evening and had performed an experiment, which he had left standing over night, however, for the reaction. But the janitress coming rather early in the morning, saw the queer looking apparatus standing in the corridor, with its two small prongs protruding from one side, and thinking her curls might be nicely arranged by using them, she proceeded to place a small alcohol lamp under the prongs to heat them. This had an oxidizing effect on the compound in the flask, and well in a moment or two all that remained of the building, its millions of dollars of equipment, etc., was a monstrous hole in the ground, thousands of scattered bricks and broken pieces of glass.

As I read the account I could scarcely maintain my composure. Where will vanity next lead us? I always was free from such things. I can say that much at least.

After having read the article through, I began to think of olden times when I attended the Gary High School, and wonder where all of my old classmates were today, and whether they would hear of this sad event.

Bercharde Kenvin, I was quite sure would not, for he had been for years past, a missionary in the jungles of Africa, striving to lift the heathen and cannibals into a more intellectual and modernized state. He has a peculiar trait, however, he confines his way to the men only; he thinks all women, or rather "dames," are hopeless, always were, and getting worse all the time.

I decided I would take a trip to Gary, not having been there since I left for San Francisco in 1912, and no sooner had I determined upon this plan, than I proceeded to fulfill it.

I was soon speeding eastward. My trip was uneventful as far as Denver, where I changed cars in order to transact some necessary business, and having half a day's time left when I had finished, I started for a stroll about the town. As I passed down a side street my eyes were attracted by a flaring poster which read "Mme. Zelta, the most daring bareback rider and tight rope walker in the world will give her first American performance this evening with Smith's Famous Circus." I glanced at the pictures; and, I do not exaggerate when I say I was stunned completely, for who should be standing there, gracefully poised on one toe on a snowy white horse, smiling coquettishly, but Gracie Fisher! Above her, in the corner, the cheerful countenance of Ralph Smith. I hastily found my way to the circus grounds, and was guided to the manager's tent. There sat Grace in her billowy, fluffy costume, and Ralph just finishing his make-up as a clown.

They did not recognize me at first, but after hearing my voice they both wrung my hand heartily, and we proceeded to have a good chat. They had been married six years and were very prosperous, their circus being a great success; in fact, they told me confidentially that the reason Barnum & Bailey had retired was that Smith's circus had so swamped the country that no one else was in it.

I took my leave late in the afternoon, and I felt amply repaid for the

visit. They told me that Bertha Holmes was in South America searching for an herb about which she had dreamed, which would make a person grow tall and beautiful, and that she meant to search until she found it, she was sure her labors would be crowned with success.

Ona Shover, Grace said, was now in Paris where she had accepted (at an enormous salary) a position at "Graves," as head designer. The beautiful gowns, or "creations" as they are called, seen today are all designed by her. She was unable to tell me how Ona's fancy had flown toward this work of art, but I think it was born in Ona, just as was her remarkable ability of arranging coiffures.

When I arrived at the station, I found my train just pulling in. I boarded it, and settled down for a good night's sleep. Toward morning I was awakened by a severe jolt. All the other passengers were emerging from their berths to discover the cause. The train stopped entirely, and several people, including myself, got out and walked toward the engine, promising to return and let the others know the cause of the disturbance. The engineer, an immense fellow, his shoulders seemed at least a yard wide and I am sure he was at least six feet four, was going around the engine, testing this and that and muttering strange expressions to himself. Suddenly a head was stuck out of the cab window and the fireman said: "If you'd quit your cussing and get a move on you, Husky, you'd get there some time. Much more of this and you'll be looking for another job—mark my words." The fellow addressed as "Husky" turned to him fiercely and said: "Pipe the voice there, I'll quit myself if we ever get to Gary. Home, sweet home, for yours after this."

He sat down on a rock at the side of the track and began picking up pebbles which he threw down the incline. I was wondering meanwhile whether I should address him or not, then, as he was from Gary, and might possibly have late information concerning the explosion, I decided I would, so "Pardon me but " I stopped then, for he pulled off his cap and gave me a most familiar stare, smiled, and then said: "Say, don't I know you?" I was inclined to tell him that I considered him impertinent but his manner was so nice that I refrained and began questioning him. In some way, I can't recall just how, I mentioned my name whereupon he exclaimed, "There I knew I knew you, and don't you know me?" Husky Kahan, the pride of the "third year German Class?" I was astounded! This great tall fellow Harry? But my delight overcame my surprise and we were soon having a good talk. He told me that Bertha Pickering was running for mayor in Gary, against Jesse Blake, whose heart had been broken since Bertha Holmes left, but had almost recovered now, for though he and Bertha were bitter enemies in politics, it is rumored that in private life they are desperately in love; but neither will change their political views. Harry said his opinion was that Bertha would win, being a very shrewd and clever woman, and then she would marry Jesse, to make his defeat less heavy.

He then told me about Harold and Elvira, who had been married for some time and were very well to do. Harold had made a great invention, a sort of parachute to be attached to an airship, so that if an accident would occur, should he accidentally fall asleep, he would be gently wafted to earth, would light gracefully, and his slumbers would not necessarily be disturbed. Harold has many other inventions, which rival if not surpass those of Edison. Strange I did not know the renowned Stratton was an old schoolmate of mine. Harry then began talking about Aidah, but a call came "All aboard!" and I went back to my car, wondering why he had smiled so queerly when he mentioned her name.

I arrived in Gary without further interruption. When I found

CLASS PROPHECY—CONTINUED

myself in the magnificent Pennsylvania Station, I was much puzzled over which way to turn. The airship line over the city being the most complete in the world, I decided to try it. In a second of time I found myself at the doors of the palatial Victoria Hotel, and after engaging rooms and eating lunch I started out for the scene of the disaster. There were hundreds of people gathered there, but I only remained long enough to get a glance at the ruins, then turned slowly back for it was a sad sight indeed. I paid no heed to the direction I took, and soon found myself in front of the Jefferson School. I ascended the broad marble steps and entered the building. In all of my travels I am sure I have never seen a more imposing interior. The numerous heavy columns which lined both sides of the spacious corridor, the costly paintings that hung there, the decorations, everything was clearly the work of skilled artists. I went to the luxurious office of the principal, introduced myself as a 1911 graduate of the Emerson High School, and was just beginning an inquiry about the faculty of that year, when a heavy set, burly man burst excitedly in the door and said, "Well I've got them now, they thought they'd get away from me, but leave it to Mac to round them up and show them who is boss. It was a pretty tough job though and I'm some hungry." The principal then turned to me and said, "I want you to meet our truant officer, he has a reputation in this county that can't be beat—the boys and girls don't try to shy school, and much less classes, when his eye is abroad—our famed Mr. Mackenzie."

I fear I almost disgraced myself then. I did something that I haven't done for years something very unbecoming to a lady of my years—I snickered. Yes, just like a foolish, light headed school girl. For, of course, I had recognized Colon at once, and it did seem so strange to see him in this office, for, if I remember rightly, but no—"mustn't tell tales out of school," was what I said. I then asked if they knew the whereabouts of Mr. Sargent and they seemed to be quite astonished that I had not heard of his turning farmer, and moving to a little farm in Iowa where Mr. Sargent digs potatoes and weeds the garden while Mrs. S. tends the house and feeds the chickens. Mr. Sargent has grown very stout and has a long white beard, so Colon said, doubtless none of the old Gary High Schoolers would know him. I doubted so myself, but stranger things have happened. I then took my leave. Colon's last words to me were, "Been to see John and Aidah?" "No," I replied, "but it would oblige me so much if you would give me their address." "Sure thing, but take it from me, don't stay long." I was mystified, which quickened my steps still more. I reached the house, which was a modest, cozy and homelike little cottage. As I rang the bell the thought came to me, "John who?" I had not asked. A neat-appearing woman came to the door for me then. The severity of her face was emphasized by her gold-rimmed glasses, and her voice was sharp. "No booksellers or peddlers around here, you can just go at once, for I won't let you in." I was not sure whether this was Aidah or not, for the woman before me was very stout, but I decided to risk it, and explained my errand. She was profuse in apologies and drew me into the house at once. I glanced about. Everything spick and span, and polished until it shone. In my rapid survey I noticed a small light object protruding from behind a large arm chair, and wondered what it was. My curiosity was soon satisfied as, in a shrill reproaching voice, "John, for Aidah said, I am sorry to say, in a shrill reproaching voice, "John, you big baby, come out and speak to your old friend; say 'Howdy do,'

there now. Oh, do take your finger out of your mouth, and don't get so red over nothing, you bluish as easily as a young girl."

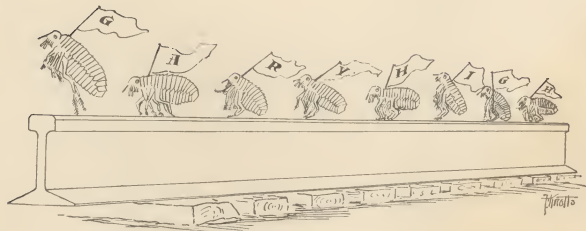
I gasped in astonishment. This small timid man, with the drooping blond mustache, who crept behind Aidah and peered out at me from behind her apron, could this be the bold, fearless John Pastre of olden days? Did my eyes deceive me, but no. "Oh, but he's afraid," Aidah continued, "no account at all, he doesn't do a thing after he comes home from work. Oh! Land o' Goodness, he hasn't set the table, and don't you forget," shaking her finger at him, "that you have to scrub the back porch yet, get the groceries for breakfast, and put up the front room curtains. Help me that newspapers. Don't think you can sneak away to read it, and leave a poor weak woman like me, working all the time. Not another word there, I guess I've a right to talk as well as you." "Yes, Ma'am," said John meekly, and got a big sleeved apron from the other room, put it on, then hurried to Aidah to fasten it, glancing sheepishly at me now and then, I was amused to say the least. I saw at last why everyone smiled upon mentioning them. During the meal, (and here I must say that Aidah is a splendid cook), we discussed mutual friends of 1911. Aidah asked me if I had as yet seen Anna Gibson now starring in her latest hit, "Fourteen Miles from Budapest." I didn't even know that Anna was on the stage, but I was so anxious to see her that we planned to go that same evening, providing we could get seats, "for she's all the rage," Aidah said. "Now, John, you needn't think you are going, a man of your years should not indulge in such frivolous things. You can go down to the Salvation Army meeting. Frank Knotts' talking will do you more good than ten of these shows." Aidah is a trifle too exacting I think.

I arose early the next morning and went out for my lunch. "The Savoy," a most impressive place, being close at hand, I decided to go in. I was conducted to a small corner table, and a tall strikingly handsome girl came to take my order. When she returned, I was attracted by a huge signet ring upon her finger. I glanced at her face, then jumped up in my seat, in my excitement almost knocking the tray from her hands, for there on her collar was a Gary High School 1911 Class Pin. I asked her name, very unceremoniously, I am afraid, "Why-why didn't I bring the right order?" My name's Blanche." "Oh! bother the order," I exclaimed, "don't you know me, Dena?" "Sure enough it is," she answered, and we began chatting away and telling each other our experiences. "But dear me, it does seem strange that Eunice has shut herself up in the convent all this time," Blanche said. "Well, it was this way," I explained, "after she had by much effort, rid herself of the unwelcome attentions of an English lord, German baron, Russian count, and an American millionaire, she was thoroughly tired of the life of a society woman, and tried to establish herself in Valparaiso as a vocal teacher, but finding the field already more than supplied, she had drowned her sorrows and discontent behind the quiet gates of St. Mary's. At any rate, South Bend always had a peculiar fascination for her, and now she is perfectly happy in her secluded, unvarying life, in doing deeds of charity, kindness, and self-sacrifice." This was news to Blanche as she thought Eunice had entered the convent because of a disappointment in love.

My breakfast had become cold while we were talking, but I had forgotten my hunger, and left at once for the hotel. As I entered the lobby the clerk called, "Telegram for you lady." I opened it and read: "Be in Salt Lake City Tuesday evening the 25th to deliver lecture on 'The value of Self Control.'"



MR SARGENT AT NOON.



GARY PRODUCTS

LAST WILL AND TESTAMENT OF THE CLASS OF 1911

The distinguished Class of 1911, being of sound mind and disposing memory, and being forced by the decree of Fate, to sink into nothingness by ending its High School career, and to break itself loose from much that has been of service to it, and furthermore, recognizing the inevitableness of dissolution, about to take place, doth declare this to be its LAST WILL AND TESTAMENT.

ITEM I. Wherein it doth to succeeding Senior Classes, give and assign an ardent class loyalty to our High School, tempered by a healthy school spirit.

ITEM II. To the same legatee this bit of experience, the ripe fruitage of four years deep study. It is generally safe to believe one ninety-ninth of what you hear, nine-ninety-ninths of what you say, and precious few nine and ninetieths of what you think concerning the injustice, partiality, etc., of your teachers.

ITEM III. Severally, we of '11 do bequeath to whomsoever they may be most useful of the succeeding classes, with good will towards all and malice towards none:

Ralph Smith, president of the class of '11 bequeaths to Alba Frazer all his poetical talent, together with what poetry he has already written, published or unpublished.

To Mary Holderman, Ona Shover wishes to give her coquettish smile and her skill in dressing her golden locks.

Dena Szold wills to Elmer Dills her expressive exclamation "Oh Kid!" and her ability to write letters during History period.

And Norma McGrath receives from John Pastre his secret of keeping peroxide hair, clean, soft and silky.

Harry Kahan bequeaths to Siegel Lee his political ability as a useless commodity.

Granville Crose bequeaths to Esther Lamb his stately manner of walking.

Jesse Blake bequeaths to Georgia Carnduff his quiet demeanor and unexcitable nature. His ponderous wit follows him.

To complete Anna Hotchkiss' ability as a comedienne, Colin Mackenzie bequeaths his talent to make pen and ink sketches.

Bertha Holmes bequeaths her "stand in" with the German teacher to Minnie Carlson, or to such of the Junior German class as need it most.

Inez Townsley bequeaths to Miss Biggs, her happy disposition, together with her lovable nature.

Blanche Jillson bequeaths her basket ball captaincy, also her ability to shoot the ball so close to the basket, to Dorothy Harris, to complete the making of an excellent basket ball player.

Anna Gibson bequeaths to Mrs. Childs, the German teacher of Emerson School, her ardent love of the Teutonic classics.

Bertha Pickering wills her membership in the "Truth Seekers" to Mary Sleezer.

Bircharde Kevin bequeaths his cynical disposition to Grace Hotchkiss.

Frank Knotts wills to John Wicks his most extreme pair of peg top trousers together with his "College Swagger."

Grace Fisher leaves behind her for Carl Smith, her surplus knowledge, and all extra credits, together with her vivid imagination.

Eunice Rhodes bequeaths the stamp of her foot and fling of her curly head to Miss Ogg.

Aidah Taylor wills to Clarence Kevin her ability to cut English Class without being caught.

And Eugene Knotts receives from Elvira Davis all her "fussing" ability, and hopes it will have some noticeable effect in the future.

Harold Stratton wills to some aspiring Junior, his tall commanding presence and severe seniorial dignity and his ability to carry more subjects than the law allows.

SEAL



To the Juniors we bequeath our seats in room 211 with the hope that they may imitate what is good and noble and upright in our conduct. And that they may overlook those sins of omission and commission which through our frailty we have committed; knowing that our aim has been to live for and uphold the good name of our High School which we love.

These, and all other possessions, owned by us we do give and bequeath to the aforesaid legatees and we do appoint Miss Vrooman and Mr. Engle to be our executors with full power and authority to act under the above instrument to faithfully carry out this our last will and testament.

Given under our hand and Class Seal this 23d day of June, in the year of our Common Salvation, 1911.

[Signed] CLASS OF 1911.



MR. C. E. WULFING
KATHERINE KAHAN
JOHN WICKS

MARGUERITE STRATTON
FRANK KNOTT

BESSIE SAWYER
ALEXANDER FEDER

HATTIE BENCKZKOWSKI
ESPOLL ROGGE
FRAN. FRED. BARGENT

BOARD OF EDITORS OF THE EMERSONIAN

THE EMERSONIAN was a monthly paper gotten up by the representatives of the High School Classes. It was devoted to school interests. Whatever was of moment. Whatever received the school attention was proper subject matter for this little booklet. It was extremely popular and ran through three issues. The above cut was loaned by the board of Editors and some of the stories and essays were contributed to this Annual.

The Board flatter themselves that they are incidentally responsible for the discovery of the Artists who have so beautifully illustrated this book. They first braved the wrath of the printer and insisted that the "New Process of making Acid Blast Zinc Etchings" be given a trial.

They warn all concerned that the process will be duly patented.

Last but not least they started the valuable habit of saving and perpetuating those bright and witty sayings that would otherwise have been lost but are now to be found under the caption SMILES.



DOMESTIC SCIENCE



E. AHERTY



T. TAYLOR



MUGGLETON



DAVIDSON



HOTCHKISS



NORRIS



W. TAYLOR

ENS.
'11



THE BOYVILLE BAND



JUDGE WILLIS BROWN,
Asst. Superintendent Department of Civics
and Moral Education.



THE BOYVILLE COUNCIL IN SESSION

BOYVILLE

Boys as well as men dwell in Gary.

The men divide into political parties, select their leaders, make laws to govern themselves and to transact civic business, barter and trade with each other and make up society with all its various phases.

The boys are attending our schools for the purpose of receiving instruction which will enable them to do well what men are now doing, when they shall become citizens in fact.

The athletic department of the schools exists for the purpose of developing strong bodies, good muscle and for the correction of physical faults of the body. In the carrying out of this purpose the instructor finds he can awaken greater interest, and therefore, accomplish more with those under his charge by putting the boys in games. Therefore we have the basketball, the base ball, the track meets, the competitive drills, the swimming races and the many different organized games. In other words to properly equip a boy by instructing and putting the boy in the real game to use that instruction for his practical education.

Boyville follows the same principle. It puts the boy citizen in the game of civic and business life where the instruction he receives in the school room may be used in actually doing the things which he must do when he reaches responsible citizenship.

As the adult citizenship of Gary is composed of two political parties the first game furnished the boy citizens of Gary was the political game. Here their instruction in civic received in the schools and through the example of the men citizens was put to practical use. In all the activities of Boyville the issues must be real. In keeping with this the two divisions of political department developed into Hike Party and Camp Party. The Hikers were composed of the boys who believed that for the summer outings, hikes throughout the country were better than stated camps. The Camp party preferring the regular camp life.

With this division, which represented real issues, conventions were called candidates nominated and a period of campaigning entered into. The election, of course followed. In the election the boys were compelled to use all instruction they had received in the proper methods of conducting a real election under the Australian Ballot System. They were compelled to study carefully the real methods used by men. After the election there was the inauguration of the successful candidates and the preparation for real business.

In order to make the plan workable, each school district was called a city ward, and therefore each school of the city has two councilmen. In addition to the mayor and councilmen there were elected the City Clerk, City Treasurer and three members of the Board of Public Works. The officers elected with their affiliations are as follows:

Mayor - S. Forrest Bowers.
Clerk - A. F. McCormick.
Treasurer - J. Wildermuth.

BOARD OF ALDERMEN.

Gary High School - Bert Jewell, Harry Kahan.
Emerson - James Gordon, James Naylor.
Tolleston - Adam Grant, Ben Benson.
Holy Angels - Robert Maloney, Wm. Maloney.
Jefferson - Clayton Smith, Robert Kever.
14th Street School - Sam Kish.
24th Street School - Mike Kasrich.

BOARD OF PUBLIC WORKS

Gary High School John Pastre, Chairman.
Holy Angels - Robert Higgins.
Emerson - Carl Wulfin.

The election and installation of these officers was the beginning only of Boyville. Citizenship consists of every boy between the ages of ten and eighteen. Franchise is enjoyed, however, by the boys only who "Play every game square." There are no pledges signed, no promises made, nothing but the square game in the life of every boy.

The development of the Boyville activities therefore have taken up the time and thought of the council. Among the ordinances which have been passed for the governing of the citizens of Boyville are

Governing the use of cigarettes and tobacco by boys.
Relative to the sale of cigarettes and tobacco by merchants.
Protection to the thousands of young trees and the active interest in beautifying the city.

Establishing of a Municipal Banking System.

Organization of the Boyville Band.

Formation of the Boyville Charity Association.

Boyville Base Ball League, Summer Hikes and Camps. Then there have been the mass meetings called by the boys for consideration of important matters, both Boyville as a whole and in the various schools or wards.

One of the greatest educational agencies is the Bank of Boyville. The boys of the High School Factory built and installed the fixtures. The City Council elected the first Board of Directors which is composed of John McClelland, President; William Maloney, Vice-President; Joe Wildermuth, cashier, and Forrest Bowers. The bookkeeping department is in charge of Forrest Bowers and Ralph Brown. Over \$1000 has been deposited by 180 depositors. The savings department pays three percent to the savings depositors and this affords an opportunity for many of the children, both boys and girls, to save pennies and nickels which they otherwise would spend and which the larger city banks would not bother with.

In the school building there is the business organization of the Emersonian, the school paper, the Co-operative store, the Athletic departments, the Domestic Science department, the High School factory. These all transact their business through the Bank of Boyville, and by the regular checking system and the purchase of drafts Boyville citizens do truly the real business which they will do when they become men.

Boyville is a real part of the Gary Public School system under charge of the director of the Department of Morals and Civics. It is the extension of the Boy City idea inaugurated four years ago in a great summer municipality by Judge Willis Brown.

It rests on the theory that boys know how and what they desire to do as well as do men. That the coming citizen should be prepared for the duties of civic and business life before he is ready to enter his place as a man citizen. That instruction should be assisted by the practical education. That every boy can play any game square and will do so if he is trusted and put into a real game where his acts may be measured and where all acts shall prove to the community of boys and to the boy himself where his place may be and just what he is. In other words Boyville assists a boy to find himself, and so finding, to form his habits, civic, social and business, so they will conform to the world's judgment of a square citizen.



BUSY HOUR AT THE BANK OF BOYVILLE



BANK OFFICIALS



KETTLES



GLENN



KOEHLER



HOTCHKISS



STRATTON



BOWLBY

GROUP OF ALUMNI OF GARY HIGH SCHOOL.

ALUMNI NOTES

Owing to the force of circumstances and unsettled and Pioneer conditions in the school as elsewhere, the graduating classes of '09 and '10 were unable to produce a year book and, therefore, we, the Alumni, do not deem it egotistical if a brief account of what some of its members have done toward promoting the welfare of Gary High School is here appended.

While Gary was still a wilderness and the construction of the town was in progress, the high school was keeping abreast with it by establishing records in track work. Little else of importance was accomplished during the remainder of this first year, owing principally to the lack of students.

The following year, 1908-1909, saw the influx of several "big men" and the real start of Athletics was made. E. Paine and Bowly helped to organize the Athletic Association of which the former was the President and the latter student treasurer, and a brave attempt was made to put Gary on the Athletic map in the fall of '08. Although there were but twelve men in school who could be drafted, a football team was organized with Paine holding the first place and a schedule was arranged. But Gary was a trifle too young and inexperienced to do much against her older opponents and little was accomplished save to show the older schools that in the future they had a formidable foe to oppose in G.H.S. and one scalp that of East Chicago was hung on our walls. Foot ball season having ended, attention was given to Basket ball. C. H. Bowly was elected to succeed Frank Hackett who was unable to play as the first captain of Basket ball and two other of the Alumni were on the first team Hyman playing a forward and Paine, a guard.

A stiff season was arranged and some pretty games were played by Gary, and considering the odds against them and the few men from which she had to pick her team we were rather well satisfied.

In the track meet of the spring of '09, the Alumni furnished all of the contestants. Earle Kohler won both the mile and the half-mile in a very pretty manner from large fields; Hyman although unable to break his previous record for the pole vault, took first place; Paine took a second in the shot put but failed to qualify in the hammer throw and discus hurl; Frank Kettles was also entered, Gary was thus only able to take fourth place though there was but one point difference between second, third and fourth places.

A review of the season showed that while Gary had been unable to win a championship, she was one of the strongest contenders for first place and had at least made good her intention of making Gary known. As a result Gary was invited to send contestants for Prof. Stagg's big academic meet, held on Marshall field at the University of Chicago.

This year witnessed the first graduation from Gary High School. Chas. Hyman, Katherine Patton, and Earle Kohler, who had entered late in the year, composing the class and organizing the first Alumni Association.

By the fall of '09, the new home of Gary High, the Emerson School, was ready for occupancy and greater advantages were in store for the students. The majority of the men who had played football the previous year were still in school and several other good men coming in, made it possible for Gary to turn out a strong aggregation, although Gary's bugaboo, lack of men, was ever present. C. H. Bowly was elected to lead the team this year and the school became unified in an effort to make a winning team. Gary won decisive victories over Crown Point, East Chicago, and Laporte, all older and more experienced teams than Gary. We believe that if Gary had had a few more men to take the place of her injured back field she would have taken her first championship as she had as strong a team as she will probably have for some time. The Athletic As-

sociation allowed the old officers to remain in office and they continued to keep up the good work they had started. Helen Stratton, who had entered the school this fall, was made delegate from the Senior class and elected Secretary of the Association.

The Association now devoted its attention to securing a suitable hall for the basket ball teams and secured the use of the Washington Skating rink which was turned into one of the best courts in the state.

Again the Alumni were prominent factors in working for the glory of G. H. S. in basket-ball. C. H. Bowly was made captain of the '09-'10 team and held his old position at center; Paine, also held his old position at guard. In the girl's team, Miss Stratton was our representative holding down a forward's position.

A successful season was thus completed. Gary again defeated the majority of her older opponents.

The next big event was the Lake County meet at Crown Point.

The next year we gained admittance to the Northern Indiana Athletic and Oratorical Association, and Paine, Hotchkiss, and Bowly were among the school representatives and the same boys took part in the Lake County meet at Crown Point then they became Alumni.

The Alumni Association, while not as yet legally organized, is nevertheless a recognized organization, in as much as officers have been elected, meetings held, and the dozen graduates constituting the classes of '09 and '10 have been enrolled as members. It only remains for the Charter, which is already drawn up, to be accepted, when the members of the organization may be classed as the "Alumni Association of the Gary High School."

The requirements for admission are merely that the applicant be a graduate of the High School, and deposit a fee of one dollar (\$1.00) annually.

This Association has a worthy purpose, namely that of promoting the social, moral, and intellectual standing of the High School, and welding a closer bond of fellowship between the graduates of that institution. It is a real pleasure to meet the old class mates, but were it not for an organization of this kind, meetings would not be frequent as may be illustrated by the manner in which the present members are drifting apart.

Of the Class of '09, Miss Patton is at present at home in Gary; Earl Kohler is employed in the steel mills there, and C. A. Hyman is studying structural engineering at the University of Michigan.

The Class of '10, which contributed nine members to the Association is also broken up, and its members are following divers paths. Misses Florence Bothwell and Lucy Watts are teaching at Ross, Indiana; Claude H. Bowly, president, is preparing to enter Annapolis Naval Academy; Misses Page, Glenn and Helen Stratton are taking post-graduate work in the Gary High School; William Hotchkiss and Frank Kettles are studying machinery at first hand in the Steel Mills, while Miss Marion Maxon is a student at the Drexel Academy of Dramatic Arts, in Chicago. E. H. Paine, secretary and treasurer of the organization is fast becoming an engineer of Conservation of Resources at the University of Michigan.

It has been decided to hold quarterly meetings in the months of September, January, April and June, these being the dates most convenient for a large number of members. Arrangements are being made to welcome the Graduating Class of '11 by some social affair, immediately after their graduation, a plan which will be followed from year to year. In addition to this, dances, banquets and other social gatherings will take place frequently, so that beside the honor attached to being a member of the Alumni Association of the Gary High School, there are benefits to be derived which gives membership an added value.

THE EMERSON CAMP

FOR GIRLS

THE EMERSON CAMP, "dearly beloved" is something that is well worth knowing about. It sprang into existence July 12, 1910, when a party of seven of us, under the direction of Miss Helen Monsch, landed near the lake at Millers and began to pitch (our) tents.

Never shall I forget that experience, and how we would all hang to the corners of the tent and try to drive the stakes while the wind blew at such a rate that we feared at almost any minute we would be sailing in an airship instead of camping on the solid earth. With the assistance of Mr. Wulffing and several other high school boys however, we finally succeeded in tacking our three tents firmly to earth and then after a hurried supper of roasted frankfurts and other bonfire delicacies our men departed, and "lulled" by the roaring of the lake we fell asleep.

The next morning we awakened surprised to find ourselves still on "terra firma" and the storm subsided. We were so delighted that we immediately

began to unpack and make ourselves "at home." After that ten happy days followed. It would take a whole book to innumerate all of the things we did during this time, but it is needless to say that there was always something to do. In the first place the lake itself afforded no end of amusements such as sailing, rowing, swimming, paddling, wading, or simply sitting and watching the waves come and go. Besides this there were books to read, excursions into the woods in search of berries, and occasionally a fishing trip. Then too, we had neighbors, some of them campers like ourselves, and others, fishermen that we "looked up to" because they lived in houses and had sail boats, row boats,

and fishing tackle, which were ours whenever we wanted them. Again there were visitors from Gary and trips to the station at Millers for mail, groceries, or ice cream. The latter was often very acceptable for the journey was a

long one and the sun very hot. Add to this fudge parties, games, and dances in moonlight and you will easily see how the days passed by.

The weather as a whole was ideal for we had very little rain, but often the heat at the noon hour and the sticky flies that came with it made us feel very thankful to the one who suggested always taking the noon meal under the trees instead of in camp. All of our meals, however, were very simple but we had such ravenous appetites that a menu of: Sliced boiled ham, creamed potatoes, cabbage and nut salad, mixed fruit dessert with cookies and fudge, was eaten with as much relish as if it had been a twelve course Christmas dinner.

Each member of the party took her turn in preparing the meals for a day and was allowed one assistant. It was great fun to see the head cook boss her assistant girl around especially when the head cook was only "two by two" and her assistant a larger girl of much more experience.

Two of our happiest days in tent were those on which we were visited by Mr. and Mrs. Wirt and their son Franz, for they all seemed to take such an interest in everything in and about the camp, that we almost felt as if they belonged to our party. On one of these occasions Mr. Wirt brought with him a camera.

No doubt, dear reader, you are now beginning to get pretty weary listening to this tale so I will ask you into our sleeping apartments and invite you to lie down on the earth to rest your



"AT HOME"



"VISITORS' DAY"

THE EMERSON CAMP—CONTINUED

weary bones. It may seem hard at first but I'll promise you that after ten nights in this bed you will find that it will become quite comfortable. And then you may thank Mr. Sargent, our principal, if the mosquitoes do not sing you a serenade, for before we used his prescription, I'll assure you these tiny insects lead us a "merry dance."

And now if you feel rested after your nap, we will pack our tents and start for home. By the time we had gone this far we needed no men to aid us, for we were so well trained in packing, unpacking, and handling tents that two of our party did all the work while the rest of us enjoyed our "last

sail on Lake Michigan" returning just in time for luncheon. After luncheon, we had one more swim and then the drayman appeared, Miss Monsch called the role and Misses Daisy Monsch, Anna Reece, Verna Watson, Dorothy Harris, Estella Weber, Helen Watson (a guest) and Katie Kahan seated themselves on the dry goods boxes in the wagon, and started for Gary.

The following songs were composed on the way home and sung with a great deal of spirit. We had a jolly time getting them fixed up, and if the "feet don't track," Mr. Sargent, kindly let them "stand."



"ONE MORE SWIM"

SONGS OF EMERSON CAMP

Sung to the tune of "Unknown."

I want to go back to the Emerson Camp,
To dear Lake Michigan,
Back to the sailing, the sun, and all,
I care not for mosquitoes great or small,
I want to go back to the Emerson Camp.
To dear Lake Michigan
I want to go back,
I want to go back,
Back to the Emerson Camp.

The total cost of utensils bought before leaving was \$13.25.

The tents and several other articles that were needed were donated by the school. Some of the foods taken were made at school before going. The total cost of groceries was \$13.78.

The total cost of meats taken was \$4.10.

Some of the groceries needed were bought at Miller.

The total expenses for camping were \$45.59. Each member of the party paid \$1.00.

Anybody wishing to find out more particulars about camping may speak to Miss Helen Monsch.

Another camping trip is being arranged for this summer and we hope that many of the girls will be able to enjoy it with us.



"I WONDER WHO'S USING OUR BOAT"

Sung to the tune of "I Wonder Who's Kissing Her Now"

I wonder who's camping there now,
I wonder who's under "Green's" bough,
I wonder who's swimming in our dear lake
Mich i gan
Mich i gan
I wonder who's using our boat,
I wonder who's trying to float,
I wonder who's sailing with dear Mr. Carr,
I wonder who's camping there now.

NOTE.—Mr. Carr was the fisherman spoken of above who so kindly let us have his boats and fishing tackle. Green's were our neighbors who erected a shady bough for our comfort.

KATHERINE KAHAN, Eighth Grade.

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